

WAR FRONT FURY  BATTLEFIELD ADVENTURE

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AMBUSH

**ATOMIC
ROCKET
ASSAULT**

**COMMIE
GERM WARFARE**

**THE REDS'
LAST STAND**





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COMMIE GERM WARFARE

YAHOO! COME ON, GAND! LET'S SHOW THESE MONKEYS HOW THE ARMY ENGINEERS BEAUTIFY THE LANDSCAPE BY REMOVING TRASH!



THEY WERE NON-COMBAT TROOPS... A HANDFUL OF ARMY ENGINEERS SENT TO CLEAN UP THE MOSQUITO-BREEDING SWAMP ON QUECHOY ISLAND! BUT SUDDENLY THEY FOUND THEMSELVES FACING A RED FORCE ON A MISSION OF MURDER! SOMEHOW... USING GUTS FOR GUNS AND FISTS FOR FIREPOWER... THEY HAD TO SMASH THE TERRIBLE RED GERM ASSAULT!

OPERATION PEST-KILL STARTED OUT AS JUST ANOTHER ROUTINE MESS FOR THE ARMY ENGINEERS TO CLEAN UP!

SERGEANT MURPHY, COME ALONG WITH ME; I WANT TO SCOUT THE SWAMP WHILE THE MEN ARE FINISHING THE UNLOADING!

RIGHT, CAPTAIN! I COULD USE A HIKE AFTER BEING CRAMPED UP IN THAT TIN BUCKET FOR THREE HOURS! I'LL TAKE AN MP1 ALONG!



THE SWAMPS BELOW THAT CLIFF: MOSQUITOES BREED THERE AND ARE CARRIED TO THE MAINLAND BY NIGHT WINDS!

BRINGING MALARIA AND EVERY OTHER KIND OF JUNGLE DISEASE TO THE BOYS TRYING TO BUILD AIRSTRIPS! IT'S BEEN RUGGED, SIR!



IT'D FEEL BETTER IF THEY'D SENT A SQUAD OR TWO OF WEAPONS MEN TO COVER US, CAPTAIN! WE'RE SURE DEFENSELESS NOW!

THEY HAD NO MEN TO SPARE! BUT I'M SURE THERE AREN'T ANY REDS BOTHERING WITH QUACKY ISLAND! IT'S WORTHLESS AS A BASE FOR INVASION!



THE TWO MEN SURVEY THEIR TASK, UNAWARE OF HOSTILE EYES THAT WATCH EVERY MOVE!

TOO LOW TO DRAIN! I FIGURE WE CAN BLAST DOWN SOME CLIFF ROCK AND FILL THE SWAMP! THAT AND A GOOD DOSING WITH DDT SHOULD END THE MOSQUITO MENACE!

THE LAND'S

THE LAND'S



RIGHT SIR, I'LL SEND A SQUAD UP TO PLANT DYNAMITE WHILE... YIIKE!

YANKEE HAI, DROP GUN OR BE QUICK DEAD!



UH-OH! I DON'T LIKE THIS ONE BIT, SERGEANT! IF WE GIVE UP, WHO'LL WARN THE BOYS ON THE BEACH?

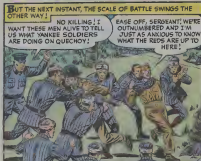
WHO'S GIVING UP, SIR? JUST LET 'EM GET CLOSER!

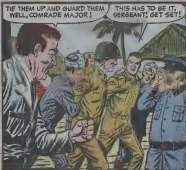


GIVE GUN OR... OWOOOFFFF!

YOU ASKED FOR IT, BUSTER!







GETTING FREE IS ONE THING! STAYING FREE'LL BE ANOTHER JOB!

DUCK FOR THE JUNGLE! THEY CAN'T SHOOT FAR AMONG THE TREES!



MADE IT... SO FAR!

KEEP RUNNING! WE'VE GOT TO WARN THE MEN AND RADIO THE AIR BASE!



BY A MIRACLE OF GRIT AND DETERMINATION, THEY ELUDED THE REDS AND KEPT GOING!

WE'VE STILL GOT AT LEAST 5-K MILES TO COVER! PUFF! PUFF!

LISTEN! DO YOU HEAR SOMETHING?



IT'S SOME KIND OF MOTOR, SERGEANT! IT'S COMING FROM THE SIDE WHERE WE LANDED, TOO!

IT SOUNDS LIKE OUR BULLDOZER BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! WHAT WOULD IT BE DOING OVER THIS WAY?



A MOMENT LATER, AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT...

IT /S/ OUR DOZER.... AND THE WHOLE OUTFIT! WHAT ARE YOU GUYS DOING HERE, CORPORAL COLLINS?

HUNTING FOR YOU TWO! WE CAUGHT THIS RED SNOOPER SPYING ON US AND KIND OF PERSUADED HIM TO SPILL WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU!



PRIVATE YUN, HERE HAS BEEN FEEDING 'EM PHONY REPORTS ON US WHILE WE PUSHED ALONG, SIR! WE'RE ITCHING FOR A FIGHT!

YOU'LL GET IT! IT MAY TAKE HOURS TO GET REINFORCEMENTS HERE! THE NEAREST FINISHED AIRBASE IS TOO FAR AWAY FOR SPEED NOW!



LONGER THAN THAT, SIR! IN THE SCRAP, THE REDS SMASHED OUR RADIO! THIS WALKY-TALKY WON'T REACH FAR ENOUGH TO SEND FOR HELP!

THEN WE'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN HALT THE DIRTIEST GERM WAR PLOT IN HISTORY! AND WE AREN'T EVEN HALF-ARMED!



THE WHOLE GRIM STORY IS QUICKLY TOLD!

...THE INFECTED MOSQUITOES WILL SPREAD DEATH TO OUR MEN AND TO INNOCENT CIVILIANS AS WELL! WE MUST STOP THEM SOMEHOW!

THEN LET'S GO DO IT, SIR! WE'VE GOT THE DOZER AND PLENTY OF DYNAMITE! LET'S WIPE THEM OUT!

A MOMENT LATER THE STRANGEST MAKESHIFT TASK FORCE IN HISTORY IS ON THE MARCH AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS!

FORWARD, OPERATION PEST-KILL! WE'RE JUST GOING TO GET RID OF A FEW TWO-LEGGED PESTS THIS TIME!

IT MAY BE SUICIDE! FROM THE GLIMPSE I GOT, THEY'RE WELL ARMED AND SUPPLIED WITH MORTARS, TOO!

EASY, NOW! WE'RE GETTING CLOSE TO THEIR HEADQUARTERS...

HIT THE DIRT!



DON'T WASTE AMMO! WE DIDN'T BRING VERY MUCH!

MY LAST SHOT SURE WASN'T WASTED, SARGE!



WHO SAID WE DIDN'T HAVE ARTILLERY? WHO'S GOT A WINDPROOF LIGHTER HANDY?

RIGHT HERE, CAP'N!

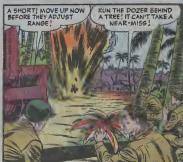


I HOPE I TIMED THAT FUSE RIGHT!

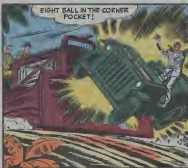


YOU DID!





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G.I. COMBAT

THE REDS' LAST STAND

ARE YOU NUTS, PLENTY HORSE? YOU CAN'T TACKLE A RED MACHINE GUN WITH A BOW AND ARROW!

GET YOUR SCALPING KNIFE READY, SARGE! I'M GONNA MAKE THOSE VIET MINH MONKEYS THINK CUSTER'S LAST STAND WAS A PICNIC!

THIS IS THE STORY OF THE DAY WHEN THE BLOOD-CHILLING SHRIEK OF AN INDIAN WAR WHOOP ECHOED THROUGH THE JUNGLES OF INDO-CHINA! AND IT IS THE STORY OF ONE AMERICAN G.I., SAM PLENTY HORSE, FULL-Blooded SIOUX INDIAN, WHO WENT ON HIS OWN PERSONAL WAR PATH TO TURN A VIET MINH HIT-AND-RUN GUERRILLA RAID INTO LAST STAND FOR THE COMMIE AGGRESSORS!

DEEP IN THE JUNGLE OF WAR-TORN INDO-CHINA, A RADIO OPERATOR CALLS VAINLY FROM A DEFENSE AIR-STRIP!

COME IN, VAL AL! CHUMMY TWO TO VAL AL, WHERE ARE YOU? WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER?

NO USE, MAJOR! HE DOESN'T ANSWER, AND IT'S PAST CONTACT TIME!

SERGEANT CALAHAN, TAKE TWO MEN AND GET UP IN THE TONKIN HILLS ON THE DOUBLE! FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR BEST INTELLIGENCE OPERATIVE!

YES, SIR!

OLSON! PLENTY HORSE! GRAB YOUR M-1S AND EXTRA CLIPS ON THE DOUBLE!

YES, SIR, SERGEANT, SIR! YOUR WISH IS OUR COMMAND, SIR! SADDLE OLD PAINT AND WE'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU!



DESPITE THEIR BICKERING, OLSON AND PLENTY HORSE WERE FRIENDS!

CHIEF SITTING COW MAKE-UM HEAP BIG MEDICINE, CATCHUM PLENTY SCALP! UGH-UGH!

YOU'RE GONNA HAND OUT THAT CORNY UGH-UGH ROUTINE ONCE TOO OFTEN, SQUARE-HEAD!

KNOCK IT OFF, YOU TWO CLOWNS!



THE LITTLE FARMER WHO REPORTS GUERRILLA MOVEMENTS MISSED RADIO CONTACT TODAY! THAT MAY MEAN THE REDS HAVE GRABBED HIM!

UH-OH! VIET MINH GUERRILLAS THAT COULD MEAN A RAID ON THE AIRSTRIP!



WE'LL WALK THE LAST MILE! LOOK ALIVE, YOU TWO! WE DON'T WANT TO STUMBLE ONTO A RAIDING FORCE!

FEAR NOT, SARGE! OUR NOBLE RED MAN HERE WILL READ THE SECRETS OF THE FOREST TRAILS LIKE A MAP!

HOLD IT!



THAT FERN DIDN'T BREAK ITSELF! SOMEBODY'S BEEN THROUGH HERE WITHIN THE LAST HALF HOUR!

HEY! THIS SON OF A GUN IS REALLY GOOD!



I'D LIKE TO TAKE A SWING AROUND ON MY OWN, SARGE! YOU TWO GO AHEAD AND I'LL CATCH YOU!

WEL-L-L, I DON'T LIKE IT BUT I GUESS YOU CAN TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF! GIVE A YELL IF YOU RUN INTO TROUBLE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

SARGE, I'VE GOT A CREEPY FEELING OF BEING WATCHED!

ME, TOO! I WISH PLENTY HORSE WOULD GET BACK!





AN INSTANT LATER THE ANCIENT JUNGLE RESOUNDS TO THE TERRIFYING, BLOOD-CURLING SIOUX INDIAN WARWHOOP!



AW-OO-WAH-
OO-WAH-WAH-
WAH-WAH!

AIEEE!
A DEMON!
RUN!

FOOLS/IMBECILES!
STOP! IT IS A
DIRTY CAPITALIST
TRICK!

ESSE! INTO
THE HOUSE
WHERE JUNGLE
DEMONS CAN-
NOT FOLLOW!

GREASE OUT
OF HERE
BUSTER!



THE TRAITOR
IS ESCAPING!
TO THE MACHINE
GUN! OPEN FIRE,
IDIOTS!

HIT THE DIRT, YOU TWO!
WE'LL COVER YOU!



WOW! HEY, SAM, DO INDIANS
CARRY BAZOOKAS? I COULD
USE ONE RIGHT NOW!

I'LL SETTLE FOR A
20 MM. RECOIL-
LESS RIFLE, MYSELF!



THIS HUMBLE
PERSON OWES
A DEBT OF
GRATITUDE
TO THE
WILD ONE!
EVEN I WAS
BADLY
FRIGHTENED
AT FIRST!

FORGET IT,
FRIEND!
WHAT DO WE
DO NOW,
SARGE? THIS
IS KINDA WHAT
THE BOOK
CALLS AN
IMPASSE!



WE CAN'T
BLAST THOSE
STONE WALLS
WITH RIFLES
AND WE CAN'T
CHARGE INTO
THAT FIRE! I
GUESS WE'LL
HAVE TO PULL
OUT!

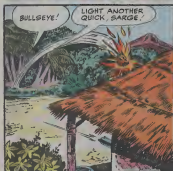
IT WOULD
BE FOLLY
TO REMAIN,
SIR! THERE
ARE OTHER
GUERRILLA
BANDS IN
THE NEIGH-
BORHOOD
WHO WILL BE
ARRIVING
AT DUSK!



DAWGGONE, I HATE
TO LEAVE THOSE
MONKEYS UNTOUCHED
BY HUMAN HANDS...
ESPECIALLY MINE!
IF THERE WAS A
WAY TO ROOT 'EM
OUT IN THE OPEN!

I'M IN
FAVOR
OF IT!
I DON'T
LIKE
LEAVING
THEM FREE
TO GO
ON KILLING
AND BURNING!







Wahoo! My Grampa
got three scalps and
a toupee with this
trick!



Save some
for me,
rain-in-
the-puss!

Help yourself,
knothead! This is
cafeteria style!



This is
the one
who killed
my brother!

And this one
tried to kill
me!



The fight is soon over!

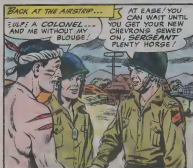
Keep them covered! I'll
radio headquarters to
send a Viet Nameese jungle
force to trap the
other bands
when they
come tonight!



Soon after...

Pick 'em up,
you chowder-
heads or I'll
let out
another
warwhoop!

You better
not! You
got their
knees knock-
ing so bad
now they
can't walk!



Back at the airstrip...

Look! A colonel...
and me without my
blouse!

At ease! You
can wait until
you get your new
chevrons sewed
on, Sergeant
Plenty Horse!



Sergeant
Plenty Horse!
Yipe! I'm a
sergeant!

Nuts! Now if I rib you
about Indians, you can
stick me on a work
detail to get
even! Now I
gotta buck for
Sergeant, too!

G.I. COMBAT

AMIBUSH



SERGEANT WESTLUND KNEW TROUBLE WAS AHEAD WHEN THEY SENT HIM ON A RECON MISSION WITH A GREEN LIEUTENANT, WHO PROMPTLY GOT THEM LOST IN THE NORTH KOREAN HILLS!

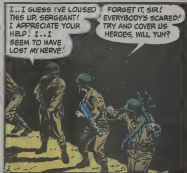
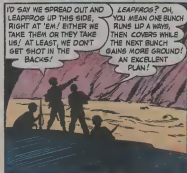


I DON'T LIKE THAT GAP AHEAD, SIR! IT'S THE KIND OF SPOT THE GOOKS LOVE TO COVER!



A MOMENT LATER...





WHILE A SAVAGE COVERING FIRE PINNED DOWN THE REDS ABOVE, SERGEANT WESTLUND LED HIS GROUP TO HIGHER COVER!



THE SERGEANT'S GROUP THEN TOOK OVER THE FIRING, WHILE THE REST DASHED FOR A HIGHER SPOT UP THE SLOPE!





BUZZARDS!
JACKALS!
RUTHERS!

MAN, I'M GLAD YOU'RE
ON OUR SIDE,
LIEUTENANT!



OLSON! YOU
MADE IT!
HOW ABOUT
THE OTHER
BOYS?

ALL DEAD, SARGE!
THOSE RED GRENADES
LANDED RIGHT
ON 'EM! ALL I GOT
WAS A SHOULDER
FULL OF STEEL!



IT'S YOUR
WAR NOW,
LIEUTENANT!
WHAT DO
WE DO
NEXT?

ID SAY WE'D
BETTER TRY TO
GET OUR VEHICLES
TURNED AND GET
TO HECK OUT OF
HERE! THAT VALLEY
BEYOND THIS RIDGE
IS SWARMING WITH
REDS!



BUT THE REDS HAD
OTHER IDEAS...

PUH CHOW PUH CHOW

YIKES!
RED MORTARS--
OVER ACROSS
THE ROAD!



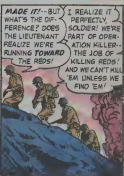
GAHHH!
AND I PUT IN
AS A DRIVER
SO'S I WOULDN'T
HAVE TO
WALK!

DIVE FOR COVER
OR YOU'LL
START
FLYING!
THEY'LL
LAY THE NEXT
ONES RIGHT
UP HERE!



UH! THAT'S
TOO CLOSE!
THE NEXT
ONES'LL BE
ZERED IN
ON OUR HIP
POCKETS!

NOT IF WE GET
OUR POCKETS
OUT OF HERE,
SERGEANT!
EVERYBODY
FOLLOW ME!
WE'LL HAVE TO
LEAVE THAT
MACHINE GUN
BEHIND!



MADE IT!--BUT
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?
DOES
THE LIEUTENANT
REALIZE WE'RE
RUNNING TOWARD
THE REDS!

I REALIZE IT
PERFECTLY,
SOLDIER! WE'RE
PART OF OPERATION
KILLER-- THE JOB OF
KILLING REDS!
AND WE CAN'T KILL
'EM UNLESS WE
FIND 'EM!

LOOK AT THAT! MAYBE 1,000 REDS WITH SUPPLIES FOR AN ASSAULT ON OUR OUTFIT! IF ONLY WE HAD A MORTAR OR A BAZOOKA!

GRENADES AND M1'S WILL DO AS WELL AT CLOSE QUARTERS, SIR! THE REDS'LL BE UP HERE LOOKIN' FOR US SOON, ANYHOW!



RIGHT, SERGEANT! SO LET'S GO KILL REDS!

SURE! WHO WANTS TO LIVE FOREVER?

WE ALL DO, CHUM-- AND IF WE SNEAK UP AND HIT THEM HARD AND FAST, WE JUST MIGHT COME OUT VERTICAL!



HALF AN HOUR LATER, ALMOST TO THE VALLEY FLOOR--

WERE TOO NEAR THEIR CAMP TO USE GUNS! SOMEBODY LOAN ME A TRENCH KNIFE!



NICE WORK, LIEUTENANT!



SERGEANT, DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

MAN, IT COULDN'T BE A SWEETER SET-UP! BRING THE MEN UP!





A SINGLE SHOT OPENED THE STRANGE, ONE-SIDED BATTLE... A SHOT THAT KILLED THE RED WITH THE GAS HOSE!



THE BLAST OF THE FIRST GRENADES WAS LOST IN THE EARTH-SHAKING THUNDER OF EXPLODING GASOLINE TRUCKS! SHEETS OF FLAMING GAS SWEEPED OUT OVER MEN AND EQUIPMENT!



STAY BACK IN THE ROCKS! KEEP 'EM THINKING THEY'RE BEING HIT BY A BIG FORCE!





AT THAT INSTANT THE STACKED AMMUNITION LET GO, TRIGGERED OFF BY THE BURNING GASOLINE! THE GROUND SHOOK AND THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH SCREAMING SHELL FRAGMENTS...



AND MILES AWAY A PROWLING THUNDERJET, ITS WING RACKS LADEN WITH BAGER ROCKETS, SAW THE TOWERING COLUMN OF SMOKE AND FIRE!

ABLE 5 TO PETE 1! SIGHTED SMOKE COLUMN AND BLAST NEAR KAEGWON FRONT! AM SWINGING OFF TO INVESTIGATE!



BY THIS TIME THE LIEUTENANT, WITH SERGEANT WESTLUND AND THE SURVIVORS WAS FAR AWAY AND HEADING HOME!

LOOK AT THAT FLY-BOY PASTE THE ONES WE LEFT! ALL BET HE CLAIMS CREDIT FOR THE WHOLE MESS-UP!

SO WHAT, SOLDIER? YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO HEROES? THEY GET SENT HOME TO MAKE SPEECHES!



YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, SIR! I'D LIKE TO DO THIS AGAIN-- IF THE LIEUTENANT WOULD ARRANGE A PATROL!

SERGEANT, IF YOU AREN'T TOO SNOOTY TO ASSOCIATE WITH SHAVETAILS LIKE ME, I'D CONSIDER IT AN HONOR!



SPEAKIN' FOR US DOG-FACES, SIR, WE'D LIKE TO GET IN ON THAT PARTY, TOO! WE KINDA LIKE THE WAY YOU OPERATE ... SIR!



End Of The Red Fox

HIS name was Chou Un and he was Chinese. But in Moscow, where he had been taken for special training in the arts of murder and destruction, he had earned a new name. The Red Fox, he was called there in tribute to his evil cunning.

He crouched now on a bleak Korean hillside overlooking the battlefield while the final pieces of his Great Plan clicked together in his mind. He was a full Colonel, but today he wore only the greasy quilted rags of a common soldier of North Korea. The Red Fox was not a brave man. This close to the front, he had no desire to be singled out for the deadly marksmanship of the capitalist war-mongers, as a uniformed officer was sure to be.

The Red Fox swept his binoculars over the valley below. A Red Tiger tank was burning, black smoke pouring from its shattered hatch, where the body of its commander lay sprawled. Further west, another lay on its side, its broken track dangling from useless bogies.

He ignored these, as he ignored the scattered bodies of his comrades. His usually impassive face was alight with glee and his dark almond eyes danced with excitement. Tomorrow his Great Plan would turn Red defeat into crushing victory. The genius of the Red Fox would be hailed from Peiping to Moscow.

Satisfied, he squirmed back around the sheltering hill, then headed toward North Korean headquarters at a trot. Moments later he was saluting the fat figure of General Yang.

"Speak, Comrade Colonel Chou," the General said. "The genius of the Red Fox is known. You have worked out a plan?"

"The most magnificent of all plans, Comrade General. Within 24 hours, every UN soldier will be destroyed. My plan is so vast, yet so simple, that it cannot fail!"

"Speak quickly," the General said, leaning forward. "We need a plan. The battle

goes badly with much armor lost. Who would have thought the decadent tools of Wall Street could fight like such demons. Tell me your plan at once."

The Red Fox shook his head, smiling. "Not yet. I must not risk a single slip. I will retire to my shack to make certain preparations. At dusk tonight, I will reveal the whole magnificent plan to you. Until then, I must remain the only man whose brain can encompass the enormous scope of my plan."

"But what if something happens to you before dusk? We face disaster if your Great Plan should die with you."

"What could happen to me?" the Red Fox asked. "My shack is far behind the lines, beyond even artillery range. No, the Plan must stay hidden in my brain until tonight."

He saluted and went trotting off along a forest path that wound around the foot of a rocky hill. He was smiling to himself, already savoring the glory that would be his. His Plan was infallible. The UN forces in Korea were doomed.

The Red Fox was still smiling when a BAR rifle up on the hillside went *Brrrr! Brrrr!* Something that felt like an invisible sledge hammer sent him plunging to the ground.

No sound came from his throat, but his brain was screaming, "No! No! No! My Great Plan! I must speak!" He was still screaming deep in his mind, when the blackness engulfed him.

Up on the hillside, Private Murphy reloaded his BAR and peered down at the still form on the trail. Beside him, Sergeant Brewster whispered, "What did you score? An officer?"

"Naw," Private Murphy snorted in disgust. "Just another nobody. But stick around and watch the trail, Sarge. Sooner or later we're bound to get a shot at somebody really important."

ATOMIC ROCKET ASSAULT



TOUGH, SEASONED COMMUNIST SHOCK TROOPS WERE FILTERING DOWN FROM BULGARIA INTO THE MOUNTAINS OF GREECE! WHAT WAS THEIR PURPOSE? WAS THIS A MAD, FANATICAL SUICIDE LEGION? OR WAS THERE A SINISTER KREMLIN-INSPIRED PLOT ON FOOT? A HANDFUL OF AMERICAN G.I.'S SET OUT TO LEARN THE ANSWER! THEY FACED DEATH IF THEY LOST, COURT MARTIAL IF THEY WON! THEN THEY FOUND THEMSELVES IN A SAVAGE, UNEQUAL FIGHT ON BATTLE MOUNTAIN!

IN THE RUGGED MOUNTAINS OF NORTHWESTERN GREECE, A G.I. CAPTAIN NAMED DAN SPENCE WATCHES A INCREDIBLE SIGHT!

DID I LIE TO YOU, CAPTAIN? IS IT NOT EXACTLY AS I REPORTED TO NATO HEAD-QUARTERS?

EXACTLY, ANDRISO... THOUGH WE THOUGHT YOU WERE CRAZY THEN! COMMIE TROOPS ARE SLIPPING INTO GREECE FROM BULGARIA!



HOLY HANNAH! NOW IT'S A LIGHT TANK AND TRUCKS! I'VE GOT TO NOTIFY NATO AT ONCE! YOU'RE A TRUE PATRIOT, ANDRISO!

I WILL RETURN AND TEND MY FLOCKS, CAPTAIN! BUT I SHALL KEEP WATCH FOR YOU!



BACK AT NATO CAPTAIN SPENCE GIVES HIS FANTASTIC REPORT!



I KNOW WE'RE ONLY OBSERVERS, SIR, AND CAN'T MOVE OFFICIALLY! BUT I'D LIKE PERMISSION FOR A HUNTING TRIP UP THERE WITH A FEW FRIENDS!

HMM... I'LL REPORT TO THE GREEK MINISTER BUT ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN WHILE THE REPORT GOES THROUGH DIPLOMATIC CHANNELS...

PERMISSION GRANTED TO GO HUNTING, CAPTAIN! BUT IF YOU GET INTO TROUBLE, WE'LL HAVE TO DISOWN YOU OFFICIALLY!

THAT'S UNDERSTOOD, SIR! THANK YOU! WE'LL LEAVE AT ONCE!



I'M HALF AN HOUR CAPTAIN SPENCE ROUNDED UP FOUR MEN HE KNEW HE COULD TRUST... AND DEPEND UPON IN AN EMERGENCY!

JUMPING JUDAS! HAND GRENADES, TOMMY-GUNS, A BAZOOKA... WHAT THE BLAZES ARE YOU GUYS HUNTING? DINOSAURS?

ER... WE'RE GOING AFTER THE PURPLE-CLAWED PANTADON! A RARE AND SAVAGE MONSTER, SERGEANT!



PURPLE PANTS... NO! CLAWED... NO! PURPLE-CLAWED PANTS... HEY!



WISE GUYS! WHO THE HECK DO YOU THINK YOU'RE KIDDING, ANYHOW?



HIGH IN THE RUGGED MOUNTAINS, THE GROUP FOUND FAITHFUL ANDRISO WAITING FOR THEM!

THIS IS THE SHEPHERD BOY WHO SPOTTED THE INFILTRATION, GANG! WE'RE HERE ON A... ER... HUNTING TRIP, ANDRISO!

I UNDERSTAND, CAPTAIN! THERE IS MUCH GAME HIGH ON THE PEAK YOU CALL BATTLE MOUNTAIN... BUT IT IS DANGEROUS GAME! I SAW IT!



HALF AN HOUR LATER, HIGH ON BATTLE MOUNTAIN...

LOOK SHARP, FELLOWS! ANDRISO SAYS THIS GOAT TRACK LEADS RIGHT TO THE LEDGE WHERE HE SAW THE REDS GETTING UP SOME KIND OF ODD EQUIPMENT!

ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FIND OUT WHAT IT IS AND THEN SMASH IT! IF THEY DON'T SEE US FIRST!





SUDDENLY MORE RED TROOPS POUR DOWN THE MOUNTAINSIDE FROM ABOVE IN A SURPRISE ATTACK!

YIHK! WE'VE BEEN FLANKED!

TAKE THEM ALIVE! THEY ARE TO BE QUESTIONED AT THE BASE!



THE SAVAGE FIGHT IS TOO UNEQUAL TO LAST LONG!

GIVE UP, MEN! REMEMBER, WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE!

FOR YOU THERE WILL BE A SHORT LIFE AND NO HOPE! BUT BEFORE YOU DIE, YOU WILL TALK TO COMRADE COLONEL KISHKYAV!



AROUND THE MOUNTAIN SHOULDER THEY COME UPON A FANTASTIC SIGHT!

NOW! THAT CAVERNS PRACTICALLY A MOUNTAIN FORTRESS, WITH A TANK TO COVER THE ROAD FROM BELOW!

ENJOY YOUR KNOWLEDGE, CAPTAIN! BY THE TIME YOUR CAPITALISTIC WORLD LEARNS OF IT, OUR TASK WILL BE FINISHED!



HERE ARE THE AMERICAN INTRUDERS, COMRADE COLONEL KISHKYAV! WE HAVE MADE CERTAIN THEY CAME ALONG!

SPEAK UP, ENEMIES OF PEACE! WHO ELSE KNOWS WE ARE HERE? WHAT STEPS ARE BEING TAKEN TO INTERFERE WITH OUR GLORIOUS PROJECT?



WHY, WE JUST CAME UP ON A HUNTING TRIP, COLONEL, AND HAPPENED TO STUMBLE ON YOU GUYS! NOBODY ELSE KNOWS ABOUT IT!

YOU LIE! HUNTERS DO NOT CARRY GRENADES AND A SAZOOKA! YOU WERE WATCHED EVER SINCE YOU LEFT YOUR JEEP!



YOU WANTED TO LEARN OUR SECRET? WELL, HERE IT IS! APPRECIATE IT WHILE YOU CAN, FOR YOU WILL NOT LIVE TO TELL ANYONE!

JUMPING JONAH! A GUIDED MISSILE ELECTRONIC CONTROL! BUT YOU MUST BE NUTS! YOU CAN'T LAUNCH MISSILES FROM A LITTLE SPOT LIKE THIS!



NATURALLY! A MISSILE BASE REQUIRES GREAT LAUNCHING RACKS, FUEL TANKS, ACRES OF VITAL EQUIPMENT! THIS IS ONLY THE CONTROL BASE! THE ATOMIC ROCKETS WILL BE LAUNCHED FROM THE URAL MOUNTAINS!

NOW I GET IT! YOU TAKE OVER RADIO CONTROL HERE AND STEER THE MISSILES TO OUR BASES AROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN!



G.I. COMBAT



TWO MINUTES AGO 5 ATOMIC ROCKETS WERE LAUNCHED! IN HALF AN HOUR WE TAKE OVER CONTROL AND GUIDE THEM TO YOUR NORTH AFRICAN BASES!

IN OTHER WORDS, IT'S NOW OR NEVER IF DEMOCRACY IS TO SURVIVE!



WHAT? NOW DON'T TRY ANY RASH MOVES! YOU ARE OUTNUMBERED FIVE TO ONE!

WE GOTCHA, CAPTAIN! YOU DON'T HAVE TO DRAW PICTURES TO TELL US THE SCORE!



IN FACT, THIS DOUGH-FACE IS OVER-DUE FOR A SLUG IN THE JAW!

EEEAH! HELP!



YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS, BUSTER!

BE GENTLEMEN, YOU MUGGS! ONLY MARGUIS OF QUEENSBURY RULES!



HOLD THEM OFF FOR A MINUTE! I KNOW ENOUGH ELECTRONICS TO FOUL UP THEIR CONTROLS!

AND WE KNOW HOW TO FOUL UP THEIR DENTISTRY! KEEP SLUGGING, FELLOWS!



AHHHHHH!

GOT TO REACH THOSE CONTROLS! AFTER THAT WHAT HAPPENS TO US DOESN'T MATTER EXCEPT TO US!



IN THAT MOMENT, CAPTAIN SPENCE BLESSED THE HOURS HE HAD SPENT IN STUDYING ELECTRONICS...

I DID IT! I'VE TURNED THOSE ATOMIC ROCKETS INTO HOWLING PIGEONS! THEY'RE HEADED RIGHT BACK TO THEIR BASE!

I GOT IT! I GOT MY BABY BACK!
NOW IF I CAN JUST PLANT ONE
IN THE RIGHT PLACE ON THAT
TANK!

YOU CAN'T AFFORD THE
GAMBLE, SERGEANT...



PUT ONE IN THE LEDGE
UNDERNEATH IT!

I GOTCHA!



I DID IT!



WE CAN'T WIN BUT WE'VE DONE OUR JOB,
SO GO DOWN
FIGHTING!



SUDDENLY....

[BOW] GREEK
TROOPS...AND
THEY'RE
HANDLING
THE COMMIES!

IT LOOKS LIKE THE
WHOLE GREEK ARMY!
OR A FLOCK OF ANGELS!



THE SHORT, SHARP BATTLE IS
SWIFTLY ENDED!

WE ARE IN FULL
CONTROL, CAPTAIN!
YOUR PART IN THIS
VICTORY WILL NOT
BE FORGOTTEN!
THE SHEPHERD
BOY GUIDED US
UP HERE!

WE AREN'T EVEN
SUPPOSED TO
BE HERE, SIR!
GIVE ANDRISO
ALL THE
CREDIT...WHICH
HE RICHLY
DESERVES!



AND A FEW DAYS LATER....

NOW WHAT DO
YOU SUPPOSE
COULD HAVE
HAPPENED
TO THAT
RUSSKY
BASE, CAPTAIN?

I CAN'T IMAGINE,
SERGEANT...UNLESS
SOME OF THEIR
PEACE DOWNS CAME
HOME TO ROOST!



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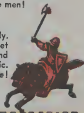
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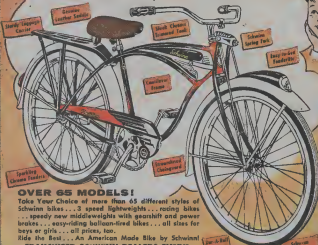
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 Am with WOOD NRI men can't be beat. Just trouble getting let into Radio phone service here. —Joan W. Parker, New Dan, Mississippi.

 By the time I graduated I had paid for my course, a car and living expenses. Can service long haul jobs. —W. J. Bjornson, New Rochelle, Ohio.

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